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# The True English Prophet: OR ENGLANDS Happiness A Hundred Years hence.

Licensed according to Order.

## To a New Play-House Tune.

**C**ome cheer up your Hearts Boys, & all hands to Work,  
We'll be Happy and Blest, free of Devil and Turk;  
Our Land you shall know, we shall one day see flow  
With that dear Milk and Honey,  
Call'd Plenty and Plenty;  
If we can but abide with Patience dispence,  
Those *Best Days* will be *Ours* all a *Hundred Years hence*.

**II.**  
By that time our Foes will be all Dead and Rotten,  
Our Quircks all huff'd, and our Troubles forgotten;  
His Gent, Stone and Fox, will have then done the work  
Of *Europe's Old Blood-bound*,  
The most Christian Turk:

For *Lucifer* waits his New Reign to Commence,  
And all long before a *Hundred Years hence*.

**III.**  
Our Taxes we'll scarcely pay in our Turns,  
Count it which way you please, for our Heads or our Horns  
We shall see that best Day, when we ne're shall be poor,  
If our Wives have not sent us  
To *Hear's* long before.

Peace, Blessing, and Plenty, their Smiles will dispence  
As *surely* as the *sun* a *Hundred Years hence*.

**IV.**  
And what tho' thus long we have mourn'd the sad want  
Of a Glass of good *Bowditch*, and Cup of fine *Nectar*,  
We then shall have Wine, and Brandy most certain,  
A Quare for a Shilling,  
And Two-pence a Quare.

For the Generous *House* will that Favour dispence,  
If we begin to live, here a *Hundred Years hence*.

**V.**  
To true, no great flow of Gold we can boast,  
Our Wealth and our Silver, alas, are all lost;  
But what, though the *Clippers* and *Curmets* have snatched it,  
And all the *Money* is  
The *Wart* they have whipp'd it;  
We shall role in Mill'd Crowns, Pennies, Shillings & Pence,  
If we live and do well here a *Hundred Years hence*.

**VI.**  
In a Hundred Years time, how the World we shall see,  
We shall certainly then have made out our Kettle,  
Our Dispence and our Taxes, will then be Adjusted,

And Monsieur by that time  
Perhaps may be trusted:  
Then *England* to *France* her similes shall dispence  
In a *General Peace* a *Hundred Years hence*.

**VII.**  
In Wedding, and Bedding, and Gossiping Hours,  
Tho' we now pay for Killing, and curing of Sores;  
Our Grandfathers will lay the young Girls on their Backs  
In the fear of the Lord,  
And without fear of Tax;  
Without Socker-Money, or Christening Expenses,  
Take up the *Smock* Cheaper a *Hundred Years hence*.

**VIII.**  
And what tho' our Citizens, honest good People,  
In hopes of a New, and a twinging *Peace* Sceptic,  
Stand Gaping to see it Rise higher and higher,  
Whilst we Rattle by our Coals  
What we Lost by our Fire,  
With that small yearly Rent they usually dispence:  
For *Paul* will be *Built* in a *Hundred Years hence*.

**IX.**  
Nay, the *Best Bills* that *Swagger'd* so high, tho' at last  
They're Dwindled to Twenty per Centage Rate;  
If you'll stay but a while, and be but so Civil  
To wait but till Knavery  
Is gone to the Devil;  
By that time they'll hold up their Heads, and speak fast:  
If you can but have *Petitions* a *Hundred Years hence*.

**X.**  
The City will then make their Orphans all Rich,  
Have pay'd off their *Bedlam-Score*, *Marm-Glass* and *Dish*,  
Our Casements and Windows, that now pay their Light;  
And all to the making  
Our Silver more Bright;  
Will Crown with full Glory our Shillings and Pence:  
For our *Adios* will Shine out a *Hundred Years hence*.

**XI.**  
But now, without Rallying or Jeque, lets agree,  
To pay our Great *Cesar* our Hand, Heart and Knee;  
The *Hero*, whose Sword for our Liberty Draws,  
Who faces Blood, Danger,  
And Death in Our Cause.  
Some few Months, we hope, will his warm Beams dispence  
And our *Bliss* Bless his Name a *Hundred Years hence*.